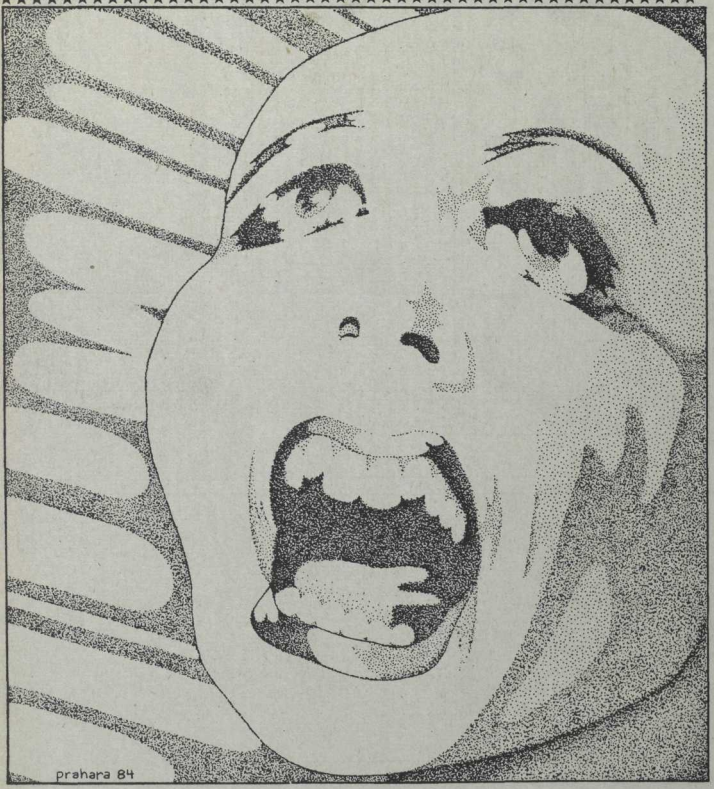
DISCORDER

A guide to CITR fm 102 CABLE 100

August 1984 Vol. 2 No. 7



Lexicography made simple

NOMEANSNO

Definitions: CD

For some reason, I expected NoMeansNo to be a group of very serious individuals. Not po-faced mind you, just very...serious, maybe a little bit...dour. Maybe it was my political preconceptions running away with me. Maybe it was the band's name, taken from an anti-rape slogan. Maybe it was the band's intensity, both musically and lyrically. NoMeansNo's music is a furious blend of mutant jazz, funk, and hardcore backing lyrics that deal with very...serious subjects. Like sexism. And militarism. And detente. Very serious subjects indeed.

So maybe my expectations are justified. But *are* NoMeansNo a very...serious group of individuals? Well, that all depends on who you believe.

"The thing that holds this band together," explains guitarist Andy Kerr, "is that we're basically all goofs." The other members of the band, the Wright brothers, John and Rob, greet this declaration with a torrent of laughter. As the torrent subsides, Rob, who plays bass, is left with a grin on his face, a grin which could only be described as, well...goofy.

The grin is, however, only one part of Rob Wright. Behind the grin, the bemused glint in his eyes, the elder Wright is an articulate, concerned and well, ...serious individual. The origin of the band's name is no accident. Most of NoMeansNo's songs deal with the inherent difficulties and absurdities in the relations of the sexes. "I think the most attractive thing about the band is that commitment," explains Rob. "I mean, I don't see many bands that have any conception about what they're doing when they write their lyrics about male-female relationships. It's depressing. If this band has one thing to say it's that...well...as far as I'm concerned men and women are fucked. If men and women were abolished tomorrow, I'd be joyfully happy. 'Cause the fact that you have a penis or a vulva as being intrinsic to your identity is weird to me. It's like having black or blonde hair as being intrinsic to your identity. It's depressing because it's so primitive. And it's the basis of a lot of political things that happen. The politics of a man and a woman, when I come down on a woman, when instead of dealing with her as a person, treat her as a thing to be controlled, and dominated, and owned, I'm doing the same thing as Reagan, and the leaders in Russia, or dictators around the world are doing with *everyone*. It's the same spirit. And if people don't deal with that in their own lives, you could talk for years about political solutions and it won't mean a thing. If you're a fascist in your own life, you can vote Democrat, call yourself a socialist, but you're still a fuckin' fascist."

Confused? You might be. There isn't anything really simple about NoMeansNo, nothing really cut and dried. "We're a band that works in paradoxes and oppositional forces, saying yes and no at the same time, showing good and bad at the same time, and switching them around, showing them as part of the same system," says Rob Wright of the band's approach to its chosen craft.

It's the tensions that exist between those oppositional forces that makes NoMeansNo an interesting group of people to talk to, and I would imagine, that makes for the energy and power that fuels the maelstrom that is their live show. They are both "goofy" and "serious." But that is not the only paradox. They are a band with a message, and yet, because of their concerns about preaching to their audience they are, as John says, "in constant danger of becoming Victoria's first comedy-rock band." They are critical of the sexism and violence they see in society, but are aware that those tendencies exist within themselves. And while the band's musical range is astounding, they are harsh critics of the 'virtuoso' mentality that tends to infiltrate music every couple of years.

In short, if you are confused, it's not without reason.

This contradictory bunch got their start four years ago in Victoria in the great repository of rock bands: a basement. Rob and John Wright would go downstairs and play around performing four-piece rock stuff with the aid of a mixer and a tape recorder. Without ever emerging from their subterranean haunt to play live the brothers released one side of a single and an EP, entitled *Betrayal Fear Anger Hatred.*

"It was pretty derivative stuff," says Rob. "I like some of it, but it was pretty straight rock stuff. Then we decided we had to play live, 'cause it was turning into the 'artist-in-the-basement' thing, just playing for ourselves. But we didn't want to form a band.

We'd been in bands and personalities always got in the way. So we said, 'Let's just do a two-piece, that'll be kinda different.' So we wrote about five songs that turned up on our album, just so we could play live as a two-piece. We played that way for about a year-and-a-half."

The album, entitled *Mama*, was released in 1983. "It was a sort of cottage project," explains John. "We paid for it ourselves, made our own covers, did our own distribution." Although muted by muddy production and shoddy mastering the LP contains some stirring, exciting, and intelligent music. The two brothers used the studio to expand on the basic bass/drums live lineup.

Kerr joined the band shortly after the release of the album. "John was playing in the Infamous Scientists with Andy. When that band broke up, Andy got tired of not being a rock star," laughs Rob. "So he joined us and we wrote a bunch of material as a three-piece. That's what we are now."

Through all the changes, NoMeansNo's commitment to their ideals has remained.

"I hope people who listen to our music get a chance to hear the lyrics. Because the music is often very heavy, it's a lot like heavy rock. But in a sense I try to use that as a counterplay to the lyrics to debunk a lot of the things rock has been about in the past. I mean the energy in most rock is very good, but encasing that energy has been a pile of shit, hateful stuff, murderous stuff. And most people don't realize that, you don't even think about it, it's just normal. Y'know 'kick that bitch in the face. Arrright, Iron Maiden.' If that's normal, then I'm very weird."

But," counters John, "if a lot of the things we deal with are very serious, we don't necessarily deal with them in a serious way. Like, some bands take such a confrontational attitude towards their audience, like 'Listen to us. This is serious business. Don't party around.' We try not to be like that."

"The thing we worry about," adds Kerr," is that sometimes when you get really political, you can get really didactic, like 'This is the way things are. Believe us, we know.' So occasionally we have to take the piss out of ourselves, because we're as full of bullshit as anybody else."

A distaste for the 'guitar on the pulpit' syndrome is not the only thing that tempers NoMeansNo's message. The realization that they are part of, and vulnerable to the very things they criticize also plays a part. "I haven't broken out of this thing," says Rob, " 'Red Devil' (a vicious dark parody of heavy metal lyrics on *Mama)* is about me. That's something every man is going to have to realize, that it's not somebody else looking at those dirty pictures in that magazine, that Cliff Olsen is not the only person who wanted to go out and kill 12-year-old girls. He's the only one who *did* it. The rest of us are a little cooler, we have it together."

"There's always a potential," injects Kerr, "and it's both men and women. There's always a *potential* in everyone for a monster inside of them and a lot of people just say 'It can't be me' and push it down."

"It's in everyone's cultural heritage," continues Rob, "there's no way of getting around it. You can't disown it, you can't say 'It's not me. I'm politically correct. I've learned my lesson.' You've got to take a look at yourself."

"And it's that way with the music," adds Kerr, "we have to be honest about that too. When we write something that stinks we have to be able to go 'blagghh'."

"This culture likes to sweep negative things under the carpet," says Rob, "and I can understand that. You don't want to dwell on the ugly things. *You* don't: *I* do. Because the good things you don't have to worry about. You don't have to say 'We've got to deal with this problem with Mozart,' 'cause there is no problem; it's beautiful. Olsen you have to deal with. You can't just throw him in jail for 300 years and say 'Isolated case...he came from Mars...he's not any mother's son.' These things you have to look at. It's kinda schizoid. You have to take a step outside of yourself, and take a good look at yourself."

"And then have a good chuckle," says John.

And NoMeansNo does just that.

If the three musicians have any advise to give others aspiring to make music it is "Do it." Even if you can't play.

"That was the great thing when we got started. The order of things was reversed," said Rob. "First you formed a band, then you learned how to play. Now it seems everyone's getting back to 'How good can I play? I'm not good enough to be in a band.' I realize that we're a little more technically adept than a lot of new bands. But that's just a sidelight. The style of the music is not that important to me. It's the meaning behind the music, and the spirit of the music, which is what really keeps us going. Intensely complex music by itself is, to me, totally boring, and that's what fusion jazz and so on is. I mean, I know people who can type 80 words a minute, but I wouldn't want to sit down and hear it on my stereo."

"It was great when we were starting," said Kerr, "because it never occurred to us that you had to know how to play to be in a band."

Four years later, the band has learned to play, and play very well. It is refreshing to see, however, that they have not lost their enthusiasm enroute. "We're basically hacks in that sense," confesses Kerr. "We'll play just about anywhere, as long as we can make it to the gig. The only reason we never played Vancouver before we did was because we didn't know anyone here, and no one knew us. If someone had said, 'You can play for five minutes in this closet in Vancouver, and you have to pay to do it,' we'd have said "We'll be over tonight."

"We don't have much business sense," admits Rob.

Now, however, NoMeansNo is armed with a manager, a sound-man and a desire, if not to take the world by storm, at least present themselves to that part of it that is accessable to them. Plans are afoot for a follow-up to *Mama*. ("Actually, we're working on our fourth album now. We've got an album title, songs, a cover, and all our thank-yous for the second LP. All we need is the money to record it," explains John.)

In the meantime, you can expect to see NoMeansNo around town, playing live. Take the opportunity to work on some of the band's contradictions for yourself.

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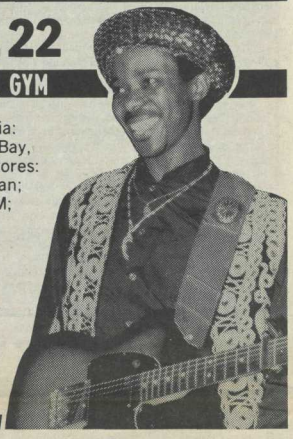

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Hello Editor;

Having picked up a copy of *Discorder* (May-ish) while in Vancouver, I found the "Airhead" column, Vinyl Verdict, etc., very interesting. "Airhead" especially interesting. All around, a good publication.

When I am in Vancouver (4 times per year), I tune in to you as well as CFRO.

Although I live in Regina, I was wondering if you could (would) send about 3 guides per month. I'd be more than happy to send a donation in exchange for the guides.

Keep on pumpin' out those 40-watt signals from Gage Towers.

Most Alternatively,
Terry J. Gibson

Dear Hairhead,

I have been reading your publication from its inception. Recently I've noticed an interesting trend. The contents of *Discorder* has been getting progressively better while the covers have been getting progressively worse. Presumably your recent covers are meant to be artistic but to me they look like they've been stolen from a local nursery school. Any chance of a return to past (cover) glories?

Your avid reader
Ibyte Dingus

***First Paul Wong, now the Discorder* cover. Will the wrath of Luke Rombout never cease?**

Dear Shit Airhead:

So, no one knows what an Actionaut is, eh? Well, let me tell you what an Actionaut is: an Actionaut sails the waves of excitement, just as Jason's Argonauts sailed the seas (argo in Greek, right?) and Nikita's Cosmonauts sailed the voids of space (cosmo in Russian, right?) Anyhow, that is the etymology of "Actionaut."

But there's more! Everyone is an Actionaut, because everyone craves rock party action all night long; everyone who is anyone, of course. Actionauts provide the rock party and the action happens, so an Actionaut is anyone who likes to rock out totally.

More subtly, however, the term Actionauts can be spelled "Action-Oughts," meaning, if it ain't obvious already, when there oughtta be Action there oughtta be Actionauts.

Perhaps a few examples of what an Actionaut isn't would be helpful: An Actionaut is not a football player from Toronto. An Actionaut does not sell things to the highest bidder. An Actionaut is not a nerd and an Actionaut is not an Airhead.

So now you know...

Authoritatively yours,
Jahszboh Jones

Oh yeah? Well, let me tell you what an Airhead is: an Airhead likes to slag the effluent of diseased grey matter just as the Pictish Ayrheads bashed in brains they didn't like (Ayr as in Scotland, right?).

But there's more! Everyone is an Airhead, because everyone loathes "clupping" of any sort (clupping as in failing, right?); everyone who is not already a failure, of course.

Perhaps a few examples of what an Airhead isn't would be helpful: an Airhead is not a haircut from Britain, and Airhead is not afraid to call bombast what it deserves to be called, and an Airhead doesn't use "Valleygirl" terms like nerd. Above all, under no circumstances, will an Airhead tolerate any jazzing.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A few recent develoments at Radio Hell... It's been a long time coming and a lot of you have been lobbying for it and now it's a reality. Behold! Stereo Hell. Although CITR is broadcasting in stereo, not everything we broadcast will be in stereo until our current technical renovations are complete...just in case you were wondering.

And from the Never Say Die Dept., we here at Stereo Hell would like to inform you that the Hot Air Show, tragically cancelled last year by UBC's Pit, has found new life. Starting September 10th, CITR presents the new incarnation of the H. A. S. "Shindig II."

New bands will once again have an opportunity to slug it out in front of a live audience. For thirteen consecutive Mondays the Savoy Nightclub will host Shindig II as the best and worst of Vancouver's new bands compete for the chance to go to the finals and win pretty damn good prizes. Once again, there's more to Mondays than football.

In the last month's issue, I gave an address to obtain information on The Cure. Unfortunately, it was incorrect. The proper address is:

The Cure
P.O. Box 2A L
London, W1A 2A1
Keep those letters coming in.

CITR DISCORDER
fm 102 Cable 100 August 1984 Vol. 2 No. 7

DISCORDER is a monthly paper published by the Student Radio Society of British Columbia. DISCORDER provides a forum for radio broadcasters throughout the Vancouver area at 102 FM.

CITR broadcasts with 43 watts of signal from Gage Towers on the UBC campus. To be sure and have an antenna attached to your set if you will persistent reception problems. CITR broadcasts at 102 FM cable at 100.1 in Vancouver, West Vancouver, Burnaby, Richmond, Coquitlam, Port Coquitlam, Maple Ridge.

DISCORDER is distributed throughout the Vancouver area. Enquiries regarding DISCORDER or distributing free copies of DISCORDER can be made by calling 228-3017. General enquiries or information about renting the CITR Mobile Unit are also available at 228-3017. The request line is 228-2487

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Michael Shea goes indie

OP & THE LOST MUSIC NETWORK

When you saunter into your favourite record store with a few hard-earned bucks in hand, what is it you're looking for? Perhaps a record you recently heard on your favourite radio station—one that was played so many times that its melody has become a narcotic. You want to hear it again and again and again.

Or maybe you're an intrepid individual willing to take a chance in the hope of discovering something new, relevant, and exciting. Indeed, it can be a turbulent and murky ocean, with a shark behind every slick album jacket ready and willing to chomp at your investment to fill its hungry stomach.

In the madcap world of contemporary music, the "sharks" are the big shots with the big money. They are out there to make more big money and will employ almost any tactic to keep themselves afloat. Market research, promotional campaigns, corporate endorsements...it is a business like any other except that music is the commodity. They want you to buy what they are selling, whether it is good or bad, or whether you need it or not. Fair enough, it's free enterprise, isn't it?

Or is it? Free enterprise in the music business, as in so many others, has evolved into a corporate monopoly. Less than ten major companies control more than 90% of the music market. This monopoly makes it very difficult for those without the money or resources to even be heard by the general public, let alone compete with the major companies for recognition on a larger scale. Commercial radio stations and record stores tend only to play and sell 'music product' that is financed by the corporations because of the secure and almost inflexible system of distribution and promotion developed by all of the above to maximize profit. But wait...there are individuals, co-operatives, and even businesses producing, promoting, and selling music that are not entirely pre-occupied with maximizing profit. Who are they?

...the artist with an electronic piano and a portable recording studio...artists releasing their own compositions on cassette or vinyl ...projects financed by a family inheritance or a student loan...supporters of local music...radio stations like CITR...and publications like *OP Magazine*.

OP Magazine first began publishing almost six years ago at The Evergreen State College, an alternative school in Olympia, Washington. The project was initiated by John Foster, a student at the college and a member of its radio station, KAOS-FM...and, yes, it was financed by a student loan. *OP's* mandate was to wholeheartedly support those music-makers and promoters independent of the corporate interests that usually dictate mainstream tastes, and those who are primarily interested in producing something of quality, rather than in quantity. *OP* was to act as a forum for discussion amongst those who believe that music is not a commodity, but a relevant reflection of different cultural values that can be expressed by a language that transcends the limitations of the spoken or written word.

Indeed, *OP Magazine* has lived up to those expectations. In the six years since its inception it has become a veritable 'bible' for the independent music network in North American and to a lesser degree, Europe. Going to print four times a year, each issue of *OP* contains a feast of independent music reviews and entertaining articles on intriguing subjects that would otherwise remain unrecognized due to the lack of popular appeal. But, all things must come to an end, and *OP's* is very near.

Last month, John Foster and his associates at *OP* held a meeting at the Tropicana Club in Olympia to discuss the future of the magazine and all other matters of music.

"Basically, *OP* began in a silly way. We decided to call the first official issue 'A,' and proceed along to 'Z.' We never even considered continuing this indefinitely. Well, the 'Z' issue is out this winter, and so am I. The future of *OP* is in your hands," a weary Mr. Foster told the 60-odd interested individuals in attendance.

OP Magazine is too valuable a source of information to let disappear; in its back files are thousands of reviews and contact addresses that would be impossible to locate anywhere else. It has become an integral component of the developing structure of a North American independent music network that unifies and supports those lovers of music for its own sake.

Pick up a copy of *OP Magazine* at Zulu Records or Octopus Books and judge for yourself. If you are interested in aquiring any back issues write to the Lost Music Network, P.O. Box 2391, Olympia, Washington, 98507. And if you would like to know more about what might happen to *OP,* address your queries to California Outside Music Association, 5153 Hanbury Street, Long Beach, California, 90808.

Radio Hell Wants You

Hello, Crisis centre...
Uh, hello...Uh, this is kind of hard for me to talk about...
It's okay. That's why I'm here. What's the problem?
Well - uh...it's my radio.
I beg your pardon?
It's my radio. There's nothing good on it anymore. I keep turning the dial and - well, there's nothing worth listening to anymore. I - I don't know what to do about it.
Well—
I've thought of tossing it out the window.
No. That's never the answer. Have you tried CITR?
You mean the UBC student radio station?
It's not just a UBC station. It just happens to be on the campus.
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And if I want to get on the air?
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WOW—I feel better already! Gee, thanks a lot. I'm going to join CITR, become a d.j. and play the kind of music I like to hear on the radio. Radio's not boring anymore!
Great. CITR is normal radio for normal people!
Thanks a lot. Bye!
Bye.
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...But I was supposed to be on the Guest List... What you missed.

Photos by Dave Jackin

Peter Buck of **R.E.M.** backstage at the Commodore after the band's June 28th show. Mr. Buck is demonstrating what he looked like before the kiss from the beautiful princess.

SNAKEFINGER threatens cowering audience member at his July 20th Luv-A-Fair appearance. The Reptilian Digit took offense to Vancouverites' comments on his choice of apparel. Last laugh goes to the man who sold ol' Scaly the suit.

THE FLUNKEES display winning form in clandestine Wendy O Williams lookalike contest at undisclosed Vancouver nightspot.

THE MINUTEMEN relax backstage after their sold-out July 6th show at the Waterfront. Here D. Boone (r) shows George Hurley (l) the basics of five-pin bowling. Mike Watt (c) actually prefers golf.

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Vinyl Verdict

Wendy O Williams
WOW

When I first saw the ad for this album I was sure it was a bad joke. Wendy O Williams? produced by Gene Simmons of Kiss? with guests ex-Kissers Ace Frehley and Paul Stanley? Ha ha. Two days later the album arrived at the station (two copies yet).

It's still a bad joke—bad nasty, not bad ha ha funny.

Wendy O Williams' major claim to fame is that she is the first female musician to have a mohawk haircut. As the lead screamer for the thrash and smash band the Plasmatics, she growled her way through sex-saturated lyrics, saved only by the on-stage antics of former porn-film actress Wendy. Chain-sawing a guitar in half paled only beside the spectacle of a Cadillac driving through a wall of colour televisions. The ideals of American consumer and capitalism destroyed, night after night, in arenas around the world—**and** on national television. Wendy built her reputation as a woman to be feared: violent, law breaking, able to beat the system.

Once the Plasmatics dissolved, Wendy gave her life to heavy metal. It hasn't been all that great a leap, as the producer of the Plasmatics' first album, Jimmy Mitchell, also produced such heavy metal bands as Motorhead. On the Plasmatics' third album, **Metal Priestess,** the band began their final fingernail rasping slide towards the heavy metal abyss. On their last album, **Coup d'Etat,** produced by Scorpions producer Dieter Dierks, the Plasmatics and Wendy O were full fledged band banging tune spewers.

Now on her own, Wendy O has placed herself squarely on the heavy metal sacrificial altar. With her first solo album. **WOW,** Wendy attacks anyone who cares to listen to these nine tracks of droning guitars, wooden drumming and buried lyrics, challenging the listener who lasts through this thudding collection of three chord wonders to support her theory that whatever this women gets, she soundly deserves.

It would be so easy to say, "god, this record is really stupid," and leave it at that. So what follows, *Discorder* peruser, is less of a review of a bad record, and more of a genre analysis, using **WOW** as one example of the image and presence of women in heavy metal.

To be blunt—**WOW** is a heavy metal rape fantasy: woman as bitch, nasty and needing to be conquered, ready to fight but wanting to get fucked. The image of women in most heavy metal music is that of a sexually insatiable woman who uses her sexual power to destroy men. The only way to conquer these evil women is to rape them. And Wendy O fits right in there.

Women are the enemy. So when Wendy snarls, "It's my life and I'll do what I want," you can almost hear male listeners adding, "Sure bitch, until you run into me." Produced by Gene Simmons, he of the long curling tongue and funny face paint (remember the cover of Love Gun? Hundreds of half naked women crawling towards our boys in grease paint and sparkly platform shoes?) and marketed as a 'concept' by ex-porn entrepreneur Rod Swenson, Wendy O has been slotted firmly into the role of heavy metal woman. Rather than offering positive images of male-female relationships, Wendy O offers nothing more than vinyl violence against women. Being handed this by a woman who declares herself musically to be independent and autonomous is not only embarrassing, it's enough to make you puke (or, perhaps, bang your head against a brick wall?). You hear enough of this bullshit, and pretty soon you get men and women acting towards each other just like it says on their record collections at home.

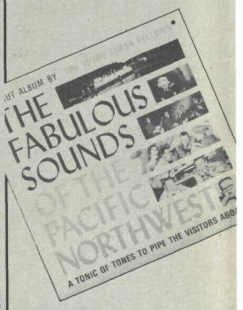
All of the songs were written by Simmons and Swenson, among others. So we get Wendy giving us a distinctly male view of women—it's kind of hard to take her musical declarations of independence seriously once you realize that.

I don't like heavy metal. I will admit that, at times, it is hard to distinguish between my first musical love, good hardcore thrash (which has its own problems) and heavy metal. The sound of grinding guitars, pounding drums and screamed lyrics is music to my well-hammered ears. But **WOW** isn't even good heavy metal. I've heard much better music coming out of East End Vancouver garages. And the music contains the ultimate insult to Wendy's questionable music talents: her voice is buried so deep within the repetitive three chord braaaggggssss! of music that you can't even hear what she is snarling. And whereas Van Halen, Motley Crue and Scorpions give us lyric sheets so we can marvel at the fact that they have grasped basic syntax, there is no lyric sheet for Wendy's nine rants.

I'm bored. If you really feel the need to assert yourself, to teach women a lesson, there's a very simple way. Don't buy this record. Ordinarily, I'd do almost anything to support women in music. But, this time, I'd gladly throw the switch.

—Bits of Black Tape

The Young Fresh Fellows
The Fabulous Sounds of the Pacific Northwest



The first time I heard of this band was one cheery afternoon when our illustrious station President clomped into our on-air control room (during my airshift while I was busy grooving to the sound of the Simpletones classic "I Like Drugs") and, while he pogoed along with me, informed me that he had some young chaps fresh in from that wet sponge of a city called Seattle that he wanted to interview. In strolled these four grining, quite amiable fellows to our plush, state-of-the-art interview studio. All of a sudden these cats simultaneously spun around and, while by now obviously feeling the effects of the refreshments good 'ol Uncle Mel bought them, accapelled "We're the YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS and we're just regular joes in our bright green sports coats..." I thought to myself, "Gee, these guys seem quite normal, but how do they sound?" Great.

Their debut LP **The Fabulous Sounds of the Pacific Northwest** is a refreshing change from most of the crap being marketed these days. It's entertaining, humourous, melodic, and all quite innocent. No songs about lynching Uncle Ronnie Reagan, or about getting laid six times in one evening on this disc; just fun, rambling, tongue-in-cheek lyrics about such important, worldly topics like on "Teenage Dogs in Trouble."

The YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS' sound can best be described as up-beat pop, which reminds one very much of those Demi-Gods The Kinks. So much in fact, that more than once I found myself checking the song credits to make sure some of the tunes weren't Ray Davies' creations. This is more of a compliment to the Fellows' songwriting than an accusation; all musicians have their influences.

Standouts on this record are the surfy-sounding "Rock'N'Roll Pest Control," "The Little Mystery" with is its infectious melody, or the totally non-sensible "Power Mowers Theme."

The production on the record is quite good considering the use of a living room studio, although the drums are a tad too prominent, and the bass could have come through more distinct. But these miniscule nitpickings are more than overshadowed by the added bonus of the ferry boat whistles, seagull honks, rodeo hoofbeats and even a narrator, who sounds like the guy from those educational films you were forced to watch in grade two, to guide you through this wacky documentation of the Pacific Northwest sound. Primo cover and nifty liner notes, too: our copy was personally autographed, in crayon, by the band. Fantastic back-up vocals by the three young ladies formerly with the Dynette set. If you like fun, accelerated pop done by creative, top notch musicians, you'll definitely enjoy this record. If not, flip over that Laurie Anderson record another time, and go back to sleep.

—Mike Dennis

Elvis Costello
Goodbye Cruel World

This is a fourth attempt at a review for **Goodbye Cruel World.** And each attempt takes a different approach from a different direction. Reactions have ranged from: disappointing, to mediocre, to good, to very good but not (yet) up to the lofty heights of **Imperial Bedroom** and **Punch The Clock.**

To explain this gradual change of heart is difficult. A reduction of my thoughts is best stated in these words: introverted and sublime. Where **Punch The Clock** was brash, full of verve, and laden with forward melodic songs, **Goodbye Cruel World** features songs whose character takes time to develop, much in the manner of **Imperial Bedroom.** Melodically insidious, the songs on **Goodbye Cruel World** require and eventually bear repeated listening before they fully reveal themselves.

Lyrically Costello, as ever, is strong. The songs are varied in subject and tenor. Almost without exception, Costello avoids the smart-alec couplets and silly allusions which occasionally rendered his material a touch contrived. Some of the same themes are explored—"Room With No Number" reprises "Motel Matches" and "Peace In Our Time" does similarly for "Shipbuilding" and "Pills And Soap"—but this lyric sheet is one which makes enjoyable reading. The songs are witty, interesting and touching, if on occasion depressing.

These lyrics are joined to music which lies at the root of many initial reactions to the album. In our instant society, most people require their music to be instantly obvious too. If the hooks are not there on first listen, then the music must be mediocre. **Get Happy** and **Imperial Bedroom** elicited similar responses and yet these albums, particularly the latter, are among Costello's best efforts. **Punch The Clock** was more easily accepted because it was up front with it's melodic content. "Everyday I Write The Book" was crafted for those denizens of the Land of the Obvious: MTV.

Goodbye Cruel World takes the **Imperial Bedroom** approach, asking for time, patience and effort. Two songs, "The Only Flame In Town" and "I Wanna Be Loved," feature that warm uplifting R & B feel of **Punch The Clock.** But the remainder are formed from a hybrid of the loud, raucous rock of **Trust** and the polished accoustic sound of **Imperial Bedroom.** Nonetheless, each song on the album, without exception, is based on an appealing melodic line and the now standard impeccable playing and production which marks each Costello release.

So if at times the best qualities of **Goodbye Cruel World** are not obvious, the album is still worthwhile. Repeated listenings will bear the fruit of effort—an album of depth and sincerity featuring songs with character, songs which range the emotional spectrum, songs which entertain and impress without being trite.

Goodbye Cruel World, another fine album from one of our finest writers.

—No. 1

Violent Femmes

Hallowed Ground

No matter what they decide to have done/
Burn up the clouds, blot out the sun/
My hope is in what they can't bring down/
My soul is in hallowed ground.

These lines from the title track of the Violent Femmes' second L.P. **Hallowed Ground** outline the theme that runs through the record. In a world where inequity and madness often seem to dominate, man's hope lies within his soul. Gordon Gano writes songs about the realities of life and death with a style and humour which inspires interest in the subject matter rather than depression or resignation. A belief in the spiritual to cope with the world is not a new philosophy and this simple summary does not do justice to the depth of the album. Each song is an individual source of wit, emotion and great music.

The Femmes' debut album displayed their ample musical talents and Gano's ironic sense of humour, both evident on **Hallowed Ground.** A complaint that could be made about the Femmes' first album is that its songs dealt with the narrow subject of unfullfilled male-female relationships with Gano coming across as just too whiney. **Hallowed Ground** finds Gano singing better and the songs and music having been broadened in perspective. The emotions portrayed on this album are more varied and the musical styles are, to say the least, eclectic. The music encompasses bluegrass, country, rock, jazz and even spiritual, yet it comes across as the Femmes' own music. "Never Tell" shows the Femmes at their best, with the music going through numerous changes and still forming a complete song. Whatever the song, the music is played with a skill and energy that induces repeated listenings.

The beauty of Gano's songs lies in the way he deals with the subject of man's ills. He can put across a message without becoming preachy, despite even overtly religious songs such as "Jesus Walking on the Water," and writing about nuclear terror. For example, "Country Death Song" is the story of a man who kills his own daughter, but the tale can be applied to many situations in the world: the madness is when man gets the idea to "kill my own kind." The Femmes' first album was very good, and **Hallowed Ground** is even better. The soul is your hope and the Femmes have put theirs into this album.

—Kevin Smith

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Hyena

I can remember, in those long lost days of yore, when I was eagerly awaiting Siouxsie and the Banshees first album **The Scream.** They were the days when just being able to walk onto a stage, pick up a guitar and play something that wasn't fifteen minutes long, had interminable guitar solos and ended in a resounding crash of A-major, meant instant cult status, rave reviews in the music press and, perhaps, a piece of vinyl to call your very own. Siouxsie and the Banshees, perhaps more than anyone else, typified this syndrome, forming after the initial shock caused by the Sex Pistols and The Clash (among others) but before the subsequent rush where record companies were falling over themselves to sign anybody with a leather jacket, spikey hair and a borrowed satellite copy.

But this is 1984, Siouxsie and the boys have been around the block a few times now and the release of their sixth L.P. *Hyena* was greeted, by me, with what could only be described as great indifference.

Hyena is the first Banshees release since **The Creatures** (Sioux and Budgie) and **The Glove** (Smith and Severin) released their L.P.s and it appears to be an attempt to combine the two. An interesting idea you may think. Wrong. To merge those two distinct styles would have taken the musical equivalent of dovetail joints, patient sanding and a French polish. This album was knocked together with a couple of six-inch nails and a lot of glue to fill in the cracks. The result is an unappealling mess, no finesse, no subtlety.

Listening to this album took real perseverance. The guitars, the vocals and drums just drone on incessantly, like some auditiory water torture and were it not for the opening track "Dazzle" and the single "Swimming Horses" I would be firmly embedded in the local psychiatric hospital (the tracks are hardly gems but they came as a welcome relief). In some cases an album of weak songs can be saved by good production but in this case, if I may return to a previous analogy, all the production does is slap on a lurid formica top.

Nothing disappoints me more than seeing (hearing) a band that consistantly brought out good material early on in their lives disappearing up their own anal sphincters. This is not meant to sound like Siouxsie and Co.'s obituary but on this evidence it looks terminal.

—Richard Putler

Praxis

Praxis

Because I am such a dedicated fan of all the Material gang, I tried for 2 weeks to figure out how to write a rave review of the Praxis E.P. and still make a few not-very-nice cracks about it. There is no elegant solution.

The credits are impressive: produced by Bill Laswell for Material, the group includes Anton Fier, Afrika Bambaata and several other competant if not downright brilliant musicians/tecnicians.

Considering all of the above, buying this album should be a low-risk investment. If that's not enough, consider also that it's only an E.P. (three songs to a side) and not even an expensive Japanese pressing or some-such-thing and you should all run out and grab it—right?

Well, sort of... The sound is great. It's probably the best scratchin'/looping/splicing and all the other assorted non-accoustic gadgetry that has been the rage since "Rockit" made it trendy last year, but it's all the same. There isn't enough variety. One gets the definite impression that if this effort had been stretched into an L.P. it would have simply been too much—which is how I tend to regard this whole movement: too much....enough, already!!

Everybody on this E.P. is a good artist—they have pointed us in some very interesting musical directions and if anyone deserves to make a bit of MONEY and gain a little RECOGNITION, they do; however it is time to make a stand. I don't intend to buy this record, or any similar record until this particular genre of music has been laid to rest and all the musicians involved in this latest oversell have decided that it's time to move on to something else. Then it will be possible to examine what they have done and pick the best—which I'm sure Praxis is close to being.

—Larry Thiessen

Billy Bremner

Bash!

Ask the average teenager who Billy Bremner is and the response you're most likely to get is a contorted facial expression accompanied by a "Billy who?" But ask the same teenager if he's familiar with the guitar work on The Pretenders' "Back On the Chain Gang" and "My City Was Gone" (provided by Billy, in case you didn't know) and you'll undoubtedly receive a smile and an enthusiastic "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah."

The whole point of that opening paragraph was to put forth my hypothesis that Scotland's answer to Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe is the most well-known unknown performer in contemporary music. Billy's long-awaited debut album might change this. If it doesn't, nothing will because this is a very strong effort.

The songs run the gamut from pure pop/rock ("Fire In My Pocket" and "Losing My Touch") to the toe-tapping rockabilly of "Tired and Emotional (and Probably Drunk)" to "The Perfect Crime" and its pub rock flavour. And while I'm at it, let me mention a previously-unreleased (I think so, anyway) Elvis Costello composition called "Shatterproof."

And the high quality of the fine tunes is reinforced by some fine backing musicians. Billy uses his former Rockpile mate, Terry Williams, on three tracks, as well as Noise to Go drummer Bobby Irwin, ex-Noise bassist James Eller, and Pete Wingfield, a veteran pub rocker.

Perhaps some day in the not-too-distant future when we ask that same average teenager who Billy Bremner is, the lad's eyes will light up ahd he'll exclaim, "Billy Bremner used to be in that great band called Rockpile and he put out that fantastic album called **Bash!** back in the summer of 1984!" Perhaps—but I wouldn't count on it.

—Doug Gordon

Psychedelic Furs

Mirror Moves

Warning: The following review contains very few references to David Bowie or the Beatles.

Mirror Moves, the fourth album by what's left of the Psychedelic Furs. I'm going to go out on a limb and predict two more albums for the Furs, the last one being called **But Enough About Me** by the Psychedelic Fur. Richard Butler will then fire himself citing artistic differences and declare himself bankrupt.

The loss of one band member after each successive album has reduced the Furs sonic wall of sound to something resembling a picket fence. They no longer bombard you with wave upon wave of deeply textured noise, opting this time for clarity and crispness in the mix. With only brother Tim Butler on bass, and John Ashton —guitar, left in the lineup to support Butler's vocal incantations it may have proved difficult mounting a formidable sound.

It seems more plausible though that this paring down of their sound was done intentionally to make the band more accessable. If mass acceptance is their goal, releasing drivel like "The Ghost In You," the album's a lead-off track as a single is definitely detrimental. It's a weak, maudlin song that won't appeal to even their most ardent followers.

In fact, all of the first side of **Mirror Moves** is questionable. "Here Come Cowboys" is a throw-away track that could be an out-take from any one of their albums and "Heaven" and "Heartbeat," released earlier as dance mixes, have already disappeared from clubs and alternative playlists.

The album title seems very appropriate after listening to Side Two which is a complete opposite of the first side. Each track is singularly strong, yet all five songs are cohesive, almost flowing together like a suite. In light of this, I'll forego a blow by blow analysis. The side has a light feel to it, leaning more towards Pop than Psychedelia, and is lyrically much more upbeat than in the past.

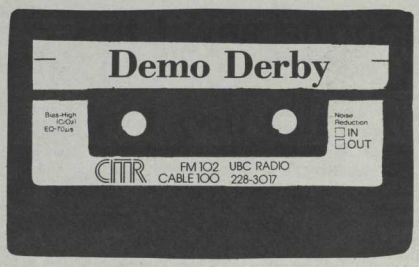
John Ashton's guitar has been toned down somewhat, blending in with the mix rather than raging above it, and the drumming which has always been fairly rudimentary has been left up to producer Keith Forsey. Taken as a whole, Side Two shows that the Psychedelic Furs can safely tamper with their sound, producing some music that, though not as overpowering as their earlier work, can certainly stand alongside it.

Mirror Moves will probably gain the Furs some new fans. These fans may in turn discover their first album. This discovery will probably prompt them to say like so many others have, "They'll never surpass that one."

Note: If you place the cover of **Mirror Moves** next to a ticket for their upcoming show at the Orpheum the two appear to be almost identical. Just a coincidence?

—Jim Main

Demo Derby



Just before we take a look at a limited number of the many non-L.P. local recordings that have come to CITR in the last month, a quick apology and correction with regards to last month's "Demo Derby" article. The writing credit for the bassline in the Mike Club's song "Riff Rapp" goes not to Rachel Melas, as stated, but rather to Vagari, who now plays with the calypso/reggae band Karib.

"Socred Youth," by *Five Year Plan*, is a wonderful swipe at the boys in Victoria, and their offspring. In terms of sound quality, this is probably the worst (read best) recording to hit our airwaves in years. Muddy, inaudible vocals, buried somehow beneath equally muddy bass and drum parts (no guitar). None of this matters, though: the lyrics are great! How can you go wrong with an opening verse of: "I'm a Socred Youth/and I live at home/I go to school now 'cause/I got a student loan?"

At least half the enjoyment of seeing *Mode D'emploi* live is their impressive film/slide presentation, which ideally complements their montage style of music. Their sound chiefly consists of snippets of funk rhythms and riffs and sound effects, which, although individually interesting, are difficult to listen to as a single extended recorded work. By all means, see Calgary's Mode D'emploi live. Worth the effort.

How do you describe a band composed of accoustic guitar, synthesizer, violin, the occassional rhythm machine, flute, taped sound effects, and both male and female clear, strong vocals? Here's a new hyphenated style for you: pastoral ambient. *Courage of Lassie's* C-50 cassette release "Threshold of Hearing" is half new/half old material of this variety. Although you likely won't find yourself humming their works in the shower, these slower paced songs are very pleasant to listen to.

In the past, *'Moev* was an alright, if somewhat repetitive electro-plonk, all-synth band with a spark of dark colour provided by Madelaine Morris, who is now in Family Plot. With her departure, we are left with...oh well, anyhow, the production is really good.

All that's wrong with electro-pop has been made good and whole again by a wave of the magic wand of *Kraftdinner*. "Dewdney Trunk Road" is a brilliant parody of Kraftwerk's "Trans-Europe Express"; a great novelty hit until it got overplayed.

Two Vancouver bands are finally starting to fill the massive rockabilly void that has existed in this city since the demise of the now legendary Buddy Selfish And His Saviors.

The Edsels five-song E.P. called "Rock Five Screaming Alive" is a good mix of upbeat Eddie Cochran-type tunes, along with slower, vocal dominated numbers (i.e. a gospel version of Guthrie's "Bound For Glory"). The production is straightforward and the songwriting is good. With additional harmonica provided by the Harmonicat, this release should easily sell out by the end of the summer.

The Twanghounds two-demo tape songs, "Clouds In My Eyes" and "Set Aside A Fool," are currently working their way up the CITR weekly chart. Squeaky clean rockabilly with a strong pop feel, this is a fine debut for the *Twanghounds*.

Take the drive and noise of early Killing Joke and Cabaret Voltaire, mix in the raving of a certified manic-depressive and the soundtrack of a violent axe murder. Add on top of this a guitar that feeds back like fingernails on a chalkboard. Now condense all this down into 5½ minutes. "Self Pity" by *NoMeansNo* is part of the fantastic-terrific-great follow-up recording to the 1983 L.P. "MAMA." The music is harsh, biting and violent. The band is very together. Soon to be released on a local compilation cassette of non-pop/experimental bands. Keep Aware!!

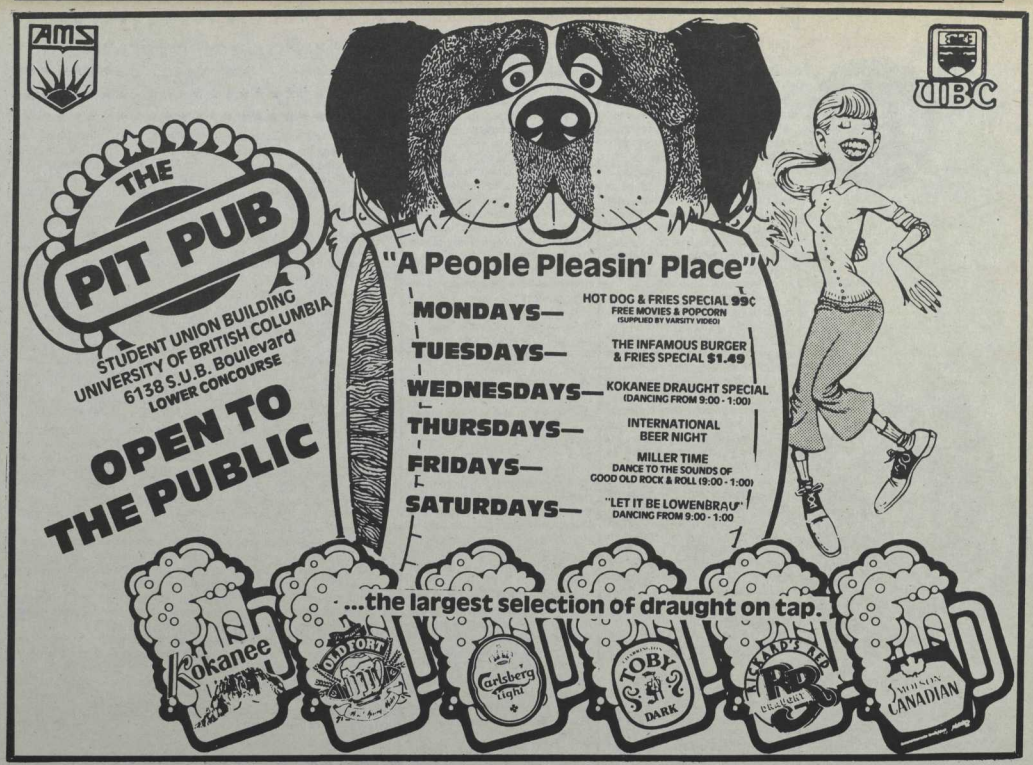
Here are a few more releases to look out for in August.

Bolero Lava will be releasing a disc by the end of the month, including their songs "Inevitable" and "Click Of The Clock." They won the recording time for the project at last year's CITR Hot Air Show, which is starting again in a few weeks as the All New Shindig II talent show at the Savoy in Gastown.

The Enigmas are halfway through recording the follow-up to their sold-out debut E.P., and will complete it when they return from their west coast summer tour.

Poisoned may be putting out their recent ten-song studio recording as a limited edition, cassette only release. Coming in September, a new L.P. from *Der Laderhosen*. Support local music, at an independent record store near you.

—BIG DUMMY



R E M

Now wait a minute. Just what is going on here? I thought this was supposed to be the age of peacock pop, of the return of style to the charts. You know what I mean: Boy George, Annie Lennox, and the other followers of the new androgyny. So do you mind telling me what R.E.M. are doing? I mean, haven't these guys heard? They don't even use eyeliner! I thought everyone used eyeliner. They look like they get their haircuts from some guy named Pete, for $6 in a barbershop that still has a candy-striped pole.

Where do these guys get off looking so...so...ordinary and still being touted as the best things to come out of the states since Mom started buying apple pies at the Pay 'n' Save? I mean look at 'em. Look at 'em! The bass player looks like my little brother, who incidentally, is about 12 years old. So the guitar player has a leather jacket. Who doesn't? But it doesn't even have studs on it fr'chrissake! And they don't even have a synthesizer. Don't these guys know it's 1984?

High style has never been R.E.M.'s strong suit. Fortunately, it hasn't seriously impeded their progress. Sure, they look like walk-ons in their own videos, but the band has still been able to catch the attention of critics and the public alike with their sound. And what a sound: Peter Buck's spare, ringing guitar, Michael Stipe's soulful delivery of lyrics which, once one gets past a slurred vocal style, reveal a depth of feeling and sense that few pop musicians can match, a rhythm section limber enough to bend with the band's mutation of pop structures while still retaining that catchiness that makes pop music so endearing. It's not a flashy sound but it is infectious. R.E.M. write songs that grow more rewarding and more revealing with each listen.

One might even say that there is something dreamlike about the music. The temptation is understandable. The band takes its name from a term used to describe the physical changes that take place in the deepest part of sleep, when most dreaming takes place. Guitarist Buck prefers to play down the connection: "It's just a name really. It doesn't necessarily stand for Rapid Eye Movement. Y'see, all the good names—Strawberry Alarm Clock, the Sex Pistols—that we really liked were taken. And we had about five horribly obscene names that would guarantee that we wouldn't get any dates. But we settled on R.E.M. because it wouldn't pin us down as any particular type of band."

R.E.M., dreams or no dreams, started off in the musical hot bed of Athens, Georgia (home of the B-52s, Pylon, and the Method Actors). The band was formed when Buck and Stipe, neither of whom had ever played music in public before, were introduced to Mills and drummer Bill Berry by a friend who was having a party. "We figured we'd just play that party and then break up," explains Buck. "Then for the next year or so we were expecting to break up any day, that eventually we'd say 'this is taking up too much time' and call it quits. But then we just kept getting better, and it kept getting more...pleasurable."

For Buck, R.E.M. was a chance to get on the other side of the stage. "I'd always been a fan, worked in record stores, read about rock 'n' roll, but I'd always thought you had to have some special knowledge or talent to do it. Michael Stipe convinced me you didn't, that it would be okay to try it. And y'know, he was right."

After paying locally for about a year, the band ventured further afield, touring the South and the east coast of the US. "It got pretty hairy sometimes, explains Buck, because we hadn't recorded anything and we hadn't received much attention from the press. So we got the curious. And sometimes people really dug what we were doing. And sometimes people would follow youto the van and threaten to kill you. Looking back it's pretty amusing to think that there are all these guys with no teeth, still around, threatening local bands."

The band released their first EP *Chronic Town* in 1982. The record received limited distribution, but nonetheless, ended up on a number of critics year-end Top 10 lists. R.E.M.'s popularity with the critics has continued, with the band's first LP, *Murmur* receiving almost unanimous approval (including "album of the year" from the Rolling Stone critics). "It's nice that these people who have to listen to alot of music for a living like our stuff," says Mills, "but you can't take it too seriously. 'Cause if this makes you feel real good, the bad press you're going to get eventually is going to make you feel real bad."

The public's response has been as enthusiastic as the critics'. If R.E.M. doesn't sell quite as many copies as Michael Jackson, the bands following makes up in devotion what it lacks in numbers. The band has received a lot of mail from people who've been deeply affected by the music. "One woman in Forida sent Michael Stipe a copy of *Ulysses*," Mills explains, "and said that his lyrics reminded her of James Joyce." Of the four members of the band Stipe seems the least comfortable with the adulation. He has said in the past that "being onstage is basically pretty absurd" and at R.E.M.'s Vancouver show he asked for a show of hands from those who'd followed the band all the way from L.A. About twenty people lifted their hands. "And now," said Stipe, "in twenty-five words or less: 'Why.'"

Buck and Mills seem more comfortable, and have their own answers to Stipe's question. "I think it's because our songs aren't too specific," says Mills, they're really open to interpretation. People feel they can apply the songs to themselves."

"It's also that most of the stuff on the radio is so impersonal and bland," adds Buck. "You dont get the feeling that anyone makes those records. I turn on the radio and everything sounds the same. It's like there's these five guys in LA that get together and make that year's records. We're a little different than that. We're a band that has personality. I mean, we're not the most original band in the world, but we're kinda unique."

R.E.M. is kind of unique, despite critics attempts to define and pigeonhole them. Comparisons have ranged from the Byrds to the Beau Brummels to the Cure. To these ears, none of the comparisons do the band's sound justice. It's sound rooted in various American musics: country, rock 'n' roll, psychedelia, folk music, but the various influences are so well absorbed and synthesized that it is seldom that one can pick them out. It's almost impossible to say, "Well, that's their country song, and that's their rock song, and that's ..." When asked for their description of the band's music Buck and Mills reply "loud" and obnoxious." "No, really," continues Buck, "we can't think of a real good term for it or we'd use it. Rock 'n' roll's the term I always think of, but all the guys in platform shoes, with shirts open to the waist have made rock 'n' roll sound pretty foolish. I think of us as rock 'n' roll the same way Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis were rock 'n' roll."

Response from the press and public has, however, had an impact on the bands music. The band opted for a sparser sound on their second album, *Reckoning*, dropping backwards tape effects and strange noises that made *Murmur* such a dense album. "We dropped that stuff because people thought that that was what we could do," explains Buck," that we were this folk band that used all these neat psychedelic things that sounded neat, but there was nothing there. This album we decided to strip that all away and just present these ten songs and show that we were songwriters, that we were a good band and that we had soul, rather than a band that had this sorta psychedelic sound that was kinda neat."

When all the analysis is through, however, R.E.M.'s achievement comes down to this: they are the first band to break out of this generation of the American underground, the first '80s local band to achieve acceptance in the mainstream. And they have done it without forsaking, as so many have done before them, their roots as a local band. They make records that chart, they get critical raves, they tour with a light show that looks like something out of Star Wars, but this same band has spurned offers to toil on the coliseum and stadium curcuit, continuing to play smaller, more intimate halls "because, basically, it's more fun." They insist that the only worthwhile music being made in the states is being made by local band's and offer up a list of favourite bands that read like a Who's Who of the American underground.

Despite their commercial success R.E.M. remain unimpressed by the offerings of the mainstream. When asked what advice he would give to some of his favorite bands if they wanted to follow in R.E.M.'s footsteps, Peter Buck replies: "I'd probably tell them not to bother. Let's face it, anything Black Flag or any of these bands could do to make themselves acceptable to the mainstream would probably ruin them. And really, hit singles don't seem to mean that much anymore. I'd rather make an album that people will look back on in ten years and say, 'they made good albums and they're still making good albums! That's how Talking Heads did it. Most of the stuff on the radio is garbage. If we get played, it's by accident."

If Buck's outspokeness seems uncharacteristic for someone who plays in a band like R.E.M., his modesty does not. And if the transition from the first to second album is any indication Buck may get his wish; it seems likely that R.E.M. will still be making music in ten years. Which would be not too shabby. For a band with no style.

—CD

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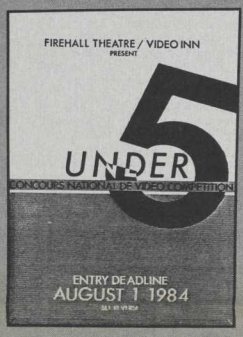

COMING SOON TO THE SAVOY IN GASTOWN

SHINDIG II

CITR and the Savoy are pleased to announce the all new SHINDIG II Battle of the Bands, running from September until December of this year, every Monday night at the Savoy.

Because this is a four month event, with a semi-final each month, only 18 bands will be chosed to compete (that's just 6 bands a month, kids!)

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL GORDON OR DAVE AT CITR'S BUSINESS OFFICES, 228-3017.

PRIZES INCLUDE: RECORDING TIME, CASH, AND MUSIC EQUIPMENT

CITR FM 102 CABLE 100

AUGUST HIGH PROFILES

High Profiles are 45 minute specials, providing music and biographical information on a particular band, record lable or or music style. Mon-Sat., every night at 8 p.m.

Wed	1	The Gun Club
Thur	2	The B-52's
Fri	3	"Good Girls"
Sat	4	70's Rock Fashion (pt. 2)
Mon	6	The Meters
Tues	7	Bands From Edmonton
Wed	8	The Ramones
Thur	9	The Bongos
Fri	10	"Bad Girls"
Sat	11	Jiswopp—a way of life?
Mon	13	Dwight Twilley
Tues	14	Neglected Springsteen
Wed	15	Chris Spedding
Thur	16	CRASS
Fri	17	King Sunny Ade
Sat	18	Throbbing Gristle (pt. 1)
Mon	20	The Mark IV/The Creation
Tues	21	The Moondogs/The Nips
Wed	22	Wall of Voodoo
Thur	23	The Fleshtones
Fri	24	Plasticland
Sat	25	Throbbing Gristle (pt. 2)
Mon	27	Rockabilly Women
Tues	28	Van Morrison
Wed	29	"Jesus Hits Like An Atom Bomb"—Music for a pro-nuclear mentality.
Thur	30	Grace Jones
Fri	31	Van Hagen (this is not a typo)

Buy your CITR T-shirt Only $7.50

50¢ from every sale goes to purchase new eyeballs for defaced movie stars.

FINAL VINYL

every night at 11 p.m.

New and neglected albums played in their entirety. Refer to a CITR Playlist (available at various locations) for full listings. Home taping is killing the big music industry.

Monday - Jazz Album
Tuesday and Wednesday - New Playlist Album
Thursday -
Mel Brewer Presents
Weekly showcase of local artists. Highlights include interviews, new releases, demo tapes and plenty of juicy gossip.

Friday - Mixing, Matching, Blending, Scratching ALBUMS
Saturday - CITR #1 Playlist LP
Sunday - Neglected LP with Mark Mushet

50 Most Played Artists on CITR

1. Public Image Limited
2. Lou Reed
3. Poisoned
4. Elvis Costello/The Imposter
5. The Damned/Naz Nomad
6. Violent Femmes
7. New Order
8. Iggy Pop (and the Stooges)
9. The Cure
10. Echo and the Bunnymen
11. Rank and File
12. Siouxsie and the Banshees
13. Peter Gabriel
14. Brian Eno (and friends)
15. Special AKA
16. X
17. David Bowie
18. Nick Lowe
19. Moev
20. Talking Heads
21. Nina Hagen
22. Shriekback
23. Kraftdinner
24. Gang of Four
25. Sid Presley Experience
26. NoMeansNo
27. Mike Club
28. Psychedelic Furs
29. Actionauts
30. Hiroshi Yano
31. Ultravox
32. Dream Syndicate
33. Bob Marley and the Wailers
34. The Associates
35. Bauhaus
36. The Cramps
37. The Ramones
38. The Fall
39. The Stranglers
40. The Buzzcocks
41. Rockin' Edsels
42. Dead Kennedys
43. Trevor Jones
44. The Smiths
45. Frank Zappa
46. Red Dress
47. Holger Czukay
48. Legendary Pink Dots
49. Young Fresh Fellows
50. Family Plot

Another month, another lot of bands, another slew of numbers...I don't know how long I can keep this up! The list shows a number of new faces: Poisoned, The Damned, and New Order all crack the top 10 for a change, but there are still many old favourites hanging around. Maybe I'm starting to get jaded about the whole concept; perhaps a change is needed in this column.

It has served a useful purpose both within the station and for you, the listeners (whom we cherish, respect, and obey—sometimes). The list has given us a goal—to decrease our dependency on 'old standbys,' those artists who crop up every month, without fail; and to increase the variety of noise on-air even further. The list has shown you that our tastes are broad, and that we are trying very hard to cater to a multi-faceted audience. The station as a whole, and I, personally, would like to have your unfettered opinions—should the list stay in its present form, or should it be modified, dropped, or savagely beaten? Vote early, but not often!

Send a letter to our illustrious Airhead, and we'll give your suggestion our fullest attention.

Short Notes...13 local acts; a record, I think! Thanks to all Wet Coast types for demo tapes and vinyl slices; remember the reincarnation of the Hot Air Show down at the Savoy... Legenday Pink Dots in a Top 50? It can't be! FIE ON GREG RUM!... Bob Marley is reverently played by many, sort of an RIP on RPM (33 and ⅓, that is)... G'bye!!!

—Jason

P.S. Help! I'm being held prisoner in East Vancouver!!!

PROGRAM GUIDE

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
7AM						7AM
8AM	WAKE UP REPORT WITH NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER					8AM
	GENERIC REVIEW		GENERIC REVIEW			
9AM	PUBLIC AFFAIRS		PUBLIC AFFAIRS		PUBLIC AFFAIRS	9AM
MUSIC OF OUR TIME	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL		CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL			
10AM	MORNING REPORT WITH NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER					10AM
11AM						11AM FOLK INTER-NATIONAL
NEWS NOON						NOON NEWS AFRICAN SHOW
SUNDAY BRUNCH						
1PM	LUNCH REPORT WITH NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER					1PM
THE ROCKERS SHOW 2PM						2PM
3PM						3PM
	NEWS	NEWS	NEWS	NEWS		
THE SUNDAY AFTER NOON SHOW 4PM						4PM THE PLAYLIST SHOW
	SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS		
5PM						5PM
	GENERIC REVIEW		GENERIC REVIEW			
6PM	DINNER REPORT WITH NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER					6PM
SUNDAY MAGAZINE	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL		CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL			SATURDAY MAGAZINE
VOICE OF FREEDOM 7PM						7PM PROPER GANDER
8PM						8PM
SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE
9PM						9PM
FAST FORWARD	10PM JAZZ SHOW					10PM
11PM						11PM
FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL	MEL BREWER PRESENTS	FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL
MIDNIGHT						MIDNIGHT
FAST FORWARD	JAZZ SHOW					
1AM						1AM
2AM						2AM
3AM						3AM
4AM						4AM

REGULAR PROGRAMS

African Show (Saturday 12 pm-1 pm)
A feature of African music and culture.

Folk International
(Saturday 10 am-12 am)
First and last Saturday of each month: Canadian Folk
Second and third Saturday:
Music from India with Vijay Sondhi

Jazz Show (Monday 9 pm-1 am)
An evening of varied classical and contemporary jazz and fusion with Fiona Mackay, Gavin Walker, Shelley Freedman or Bob Kerr.

Midshow (Wednesday 12 am-1 am)
This show is a potpourri of poetry, music, and intriguing monologue.

Music Of Our Time (Sunday 8 am-12 pm)
Music of the 20th Century in the classical tradition. Hosted by Ken Jackson.

Playlist Show (Saturday 3 pm-6 pm)
The countdown of CITR's weekly top 40 singles and albums, featuring new additions to the Playlist. Listen for Vijay Sondhi or Michael Shea.

Rockers Show (Sunday 1 pm-3 pm)
Caribbean and Canadian reggae with host George Barrett.

Sunday Brunch (Sunday 12 pm-1 pm)
Readings of poetry, literature and prose presented by Paris Simons.

Voice of Freedom
(Sunday 6:30 pm-7:30 pm)
Satirical broadcast from a mythical radio station on a secluded American military base (Diego Garcia) where all the records are twelve years out of date.

Fast Forward (Sunday 9 pm-1 am)
The latest in the exciting and vibrant world of experimental, independent, minimalist, electronic, avante garde stuff.

Finyl Vinyl (Nightly at 11 pm)

High Profile
(Monday through Saturday at 8 pm)
Spotlighting one artist's music and career. Refer to High Profile listing for artists.

Sunday Night Live (Sunday 8 pm)
Rare live recordings of noted local and international artists.

Generic Review
(Weekdays at 8:35 am and 5:35 pm. Also on Saturday and Sunday Magazine)
A critique of local entertainment; plays, movies, and exhibits.

Insight (Weekdays 9:43 am and 6:13 pm)
An editorial comment on current issues open to the community.

News and Sports (Weekdays)
Local, national, and international news and sports. News and sports reports at 8 am, 10 am, 1 pm, and 6 pm. Newsbreak and Sportsbreak at 3:30 pm and 4:30 pm. On Saturday and Sunday, regular newscasts air at 12:00 noon

Saturday and Sunday Magazine
(Saturday & Sunday at 6 pm)
Weekend magazine shows presenting special news, sports and entertainment features.

Public Affairs (Weekdays 9 am)
A people's forum for local interests and issues.

Proper Gander
(Saturday 6:30 pm-9:30 pm)
Everything but a well-dressed goose.

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August Highlights

SAVOY

Aug. 6-8 K.D. Lang

Aug. 13 Le Roi Brothers

BAND START 9:30

Aug. 14-15 Toronto's Palladins

Aug. 20 Wild Frontier

NO COVER 8-9 PM

Aug. 21-22 Poisoned

Aug. 23-25 Beverly Sisters

THE SAVOY NIGHTCLUB

6 Powell St., Gastown, Vancouver, 687-0418